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Washington, D. C., Monday, April 7, 1913.

WE CAN HELP 'EM OUT.

From a report of a London mass meeting addressed by woman suffrage leaders:

About 12,000 persons assembled in Hyde Park. They made such a racket that it was impossible for the suffragette speakers to make themselves heard. The mob yelled the women with turf, orange peels, and other things. One of the speakers was struck in the face, but was not seriously hurt.

London being that kind of a town, and going in for that sort of thing so strongly, we can tell it where it can get a chief of police just to its liking.

WHY JEFFERSON DIDN'T.

There has been a great rush into the books to find out how it happened that Thomas Jefferson, first Democratic President, rejected the custom of addressing Congress in person; a custom which the latest Democratic President is now restoring.

If the investigators will go far enough, we opine that they will discover that Jefferson didn't drop the "monarchical custom" because he was too good a Democrat. They will learn that Jefferson's shortcomings as a public speaker, which made him very sensitive about addressing, particularly, bodies composed largely of experienced orators, was assigned by his contemporaries as one of the weightiest of his real reasons. If Jefferson ever publicly avowed it, however, the fact has not been brought to attention recently.

MAUDLIN SENTIMENTALITY.

It is not easy to understand the workings of a mind that views the protest which has arisen against the appointment of an ex-saloonkeeper in the red-light district of Baltimore to be doorkeeper in the United States Senate as in some way running counter to any law, human or divine, which bids us to hold up the hands of the fallen and the repentant.

Even Senator John Walter Smith must read with astonishment the fact that some sympathetic souls entertain the idea that he is engaged in rescue work.

It is amazing that anybody should be so blind as not to see that such an alliance between political power and vice as that disclosed by the Schoenewolf appointment, is one of the things that good citizens are striving most to root out of our political life.

CALIFORNIA JINGOISM AGAIN.

One of the largest services that the Taft Administration performed for this country was in its handling of the Japanese question. It was one bright spot in the dreary record of that Administration's management of our foreign relations.

California has found a way to reopen in part the disagreeable and difficult questions that have caused so much friction in recent years, and the new foreign administration is confronted with necessity of making a policy early. The national interest must overshadow the prejudices and demagoguery that have too far prevailed in California. It is quite impossible to concede that California is entitled to muss up the whole relationship of the country with Japan, over an issue on which California itself is by no means a unit.

If there is not a constitutional way to prevent a State passing legislation in violation of our national treaty obligations, there ought to be. The fact that the legislation may later be held void is not enough. It is the passage, not the working, of such a measure as the alien land ownership bill now pending at Sacramento, that does the damage.

THE DRAINAGE CONGRESS.

Another congress will open its sessions, also for consideration of a set of grave national problems, in St. Louis, this week. It is the National Drainage congress, and will consider the question of flood prevention in its widest aspects.

One of the most important addresses will be delivered by Marshall O. Leighton, chief of the hydrographic division of the Geological Survey. Mr. Leighton is the leader of nationalism in the domain of water resources. He believes in a new nationalism in reference to this question, just as firmly as Colonel Roosevelt does in the realm of politics. He would recognize the physically national character of the drainage system, and treat it as a unity. Years ago he put forth a scheme for nationally planned, constructed and supervised flood-water reservoirs on the upper watersheds of the streams whose confluence makes the Mississippi system. The scheme looked so stupendous, visionary, and expensive that it was given cold reception by statesmen of the river-and-harbor pie-counter caliber. It was not apparent just how "my district" was to be assured of its piece in that sort of a scheme.

Mr. Leighton waited for time and events to reinforce his arguments; and he has been vindicated. Today the Leighton plan is looked upon as practical and necessary. The address of Mr. Leighton at St. Louis will be of national importance, and doubtless will receive national attention.

COMMISSION RULE AND MUNICIPAL EMERGENCY.

Efficiency is the claim upon which the case for the commission form of government rests. It fits no particular political theory and its ancestry cannot be traced in a straight line from the Saxon forests or the forums of ancient Latium. It represents merely the aim of modern municipal communities to do quickly and well the things they want to do.

The story of Dayton illustrates perfectly the

serviceability of the commission form. Whether the ordinary government of that city is better or worse than the average of its kind is not material in the present instance. The important fact is that in the face of real emergency it has by common consent been relegated to the discard. To have waited for the fulfillment of its slow processes and to have borne with other defects which in ordinary times the patient citizen accepts with merely a grimace would have been impossible. Lives had to be saved, disease fought, hunger satisfied, and business restored.

It was the story of Galveston over again. And Dayton met the situation just as Galveston met it—by instituting a committee of a few men and intrusting to them the suspended functions of the city government.

Baltimore had to resort to a Burnt District Commission to rehabilitate the area swept by its great fire in 1904; San Francisco, with a board of supervisors in place of the outworn city council of two chambers, was in a position to work on much the same lines when its earthquake came. In each case the vital interests of the city demanded an adequate instrument to meet the people's supreme need. There could be no trifling with anything that was less than adequate.

It is rather curious that such a vast majority of American cities should passively consent to lumber along as they do under a system of government that they know would not be able to meet any severe emergency. So long as the grave municipal problems of finance, health, protection of property and public welfare remain chronic, we seem to think their solution can safely be left to political agencies the keynote of which is irresponsibility, inefficiency and dilatoriness.

THE "SPEECH FROM THE THRONE."

It is reported that there is some feeling among elder statesmen that President Wilson is guilty of, not perhaps anything quite so grave as an indiscretion, but assuredly of an innovation, in making a personal appearance before Congress to deliver his message to that body.

The shock which this announced purpose of the new President brought to susceptible Toryism might have been cushioned at least if gentlemen had noted from time to time the predictions, first printed in this paper, that Mr. Wilson would do just this. However, it may be judged that no grave results will follow the President's return to a custom more than a century ago abandoned. There is no real reason why anybody should object to the President making this personal appearance before Congress; there is much to be said in favor of it. As to the frightful charge that an innovation is being perpetrated, it may be said that that innovation is quite the order of the day in politics, and it bears the countersignature of the distinguished approval of the public.

Much is being said by way of suggestion that this is a return to the form of the British "speech from the throne," and the implication is that it is a reversion of monarchical forms. Well, what of it? Parliamentary government in Britain has developed farther, has approached nearer to the ideals of representative government, than it has in this country. Responsible cabinet government is a long-step toward really representative government, and the present-day demand in this country is to make our Government truly representative. The failure of old methods to give it the true representative quality is responsible for the widespread demand for a nearer approach, through initiative, referendum and recall, to direct government by the people.

Corollary in logic and reason to the President's appearance before Congress as the expounder of his policies, is the proposal to give Cabinet Ministers places on the floor of Congress, and let them take part in the debates. That proposal has the approval of so conservative a statesman as Senator Root, and is endorsed by men representing all classes of opinion and all the political divisions. Of course, without radical reorganization of our system we will not have responsible Cabinets of the sort that must retire when defeated in the legislative branch. Our President is his own premier; he is a ruler as well as a sovereign. We elect him for a fixed term, and cannot turn him out, within that term, by dint of any legislative rejection of his program. There are a good many critics who think acceptance of the British or French system would be a good thing; but that is doubtful. Our system gives an appeal to the people every two years, and the people have demonstrated capacity to make up a verdict that the Government cannot misunderstand. At any rate, whether immediately responsible Government would be desirable or not, the fact stands that we can't get it now, and that the innovation of the President, if followed by the plan of giving the Cabinet members seats on the floor of the houses represents about as much as we can accomplish in that direction at this time, and perhaps as much as it is wise to undertake at a single step in experimentation.

The President believes, it is said, that personal appearance before Congress will bring legislative and executive divisions of the Government into closer touch and understanding. That is certainly what the country has been demanding. Even the sad experience it had with the Taft regime has not weaned the country away from the idea that the President's chief business is to extort from Congress as much as possible of what the country demands. It is his duty to see that pledges on which he was elected are executed. He is the only functionary whose election represents the conclusion of ALL the people. He doesn't represent the hides of Texas, or the shoe factories of Massachusetts. He doesn't represent the wheat of Dakota, or the flouring mills of Minneapolis. He is not expected to think for the cotton grower exclusively, nor for the cotton mill owners alone. He doesn't represent consumers, or producers. He is presumed to represent all these classes.

It would be better if Congress were able to take a more national view of its obligations, and a less local one. But it doesn't. It is essentially an aggregation of provincialities; and whatever procedure is calculated to impose the national view upon it, to make it see things in their wider relations, is calculated to improve the product of its deliberations.

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

THE CONGRESSMAN.

The Congressman returneth, fresh

And eager for the extras; he;

Returns to clog the avenues

And give narcotic interviews.

Returneth to deliberate

On numerous affairs of state;

Returneth for a while, and then

He has to go right back again.

But while he's present does he not

Accomplish a terrific lot,

And set the universe abuzz?

He doesn't, but he thinks he does.

The returning Congressmen, never-

theless, are welcomed. Life would be

dull without them. As for the new

ones, they will probably bat at par-

to mix a metaphor—although their gen-

eral average will be shaved down a

little by a Certain One, who has owed

us fifteen dollars since November, 1911.

He comes, by the way, from —

We are assured by the copy desk

that the prospect of 531 Congressmen

having to sit still and listen to the

Pres's special mess contains the rudiments

of a side-splitting space-filler.

But you know copy desks.

No. Have the Papers Mentioned It?

G. S. K.: Have you noticed that the

women will "storm the Capitol?"

CARRIE.

We have it from one versed in such

matters that Congress, despite the suffi-

cient petitions of today, probably will not

pass the nation-wide suit bill until Wed-

nesday or Thursday, at the earliest.

Eliminating the suffs—and we're none

too sure of them—how many Washin-

tonians can name the States wherein

women have been given the vote?

Suff delegate from the Philippines to

Mrs. H. S. Rockaby, from whose

moniker almost anybody should be

able to wheedle a wheeze.

Well—er—We're Not So Sure About

the Sugar.

(From the "Star.")

There are provisions of it, such as

sugar and wool, that he feels touch

every human being in the country.

Don't scoff at your tailor for display-

ing fall styles during the previous win-

ter. The century-of-peace celebrators

are putting the finishing touches on the

plans for the observance of the peace

centennial in May, 1915.

To be free immediately or else in

three years.

Sugar, did you say?

My, no! Pankhurst.

You Have Us Guessing.

(From the "Herald.")

The first touch of skill encountered

by the Giants on their homeward trip

was felt today, although it was bright

and sunny and 6,600 people were in

the stands.

Revival of the old standby: Decision

Expicted on Minnesota Rate Case.

Likewise the special heading for suf-

fages: Prominent Women in Line.

Personal Friends' Club Kindly Note.

(From the "Star.")

Both had brought hats of similar

shape.

Also: "The Personal guidance of

Supt. Sylvester, himself," from the

"Post."

Discovered, by Old Tom Grant, the

montagueglassy waiter who calls it

"Irish stew."

Which of them is the D. A. R. K

horse?

A POME OF POMES.

Vendor of the shiny apples.

Standing in the public square.

Why not use a bag of paper

That will stand a little wear?

Yesterday I bought a dozen.

Hurrying to reach my car.

Rings-zippy went the paper.

Strewing apples near and far.

In the gutter, on the car-track,

Further, thither, in the dust,

Rolled the ruddy, juicy apples.

Just because your bag had burst.

As I picked them, blushing madly,

Came along my maiden fair.

Laughing at my plight, Giuseppe!

You should worry? I should swear.

The Metropolitan (New York).

ANA PEST.

"Hass?" Ed.

May we, however, softsoap the sug-

gestion that two rhymes are bogey for

a four-line verse? Ed. Ana Pest?

Enter the Fynelers tariff.

How many jumps, Mr. Broussard?

Having refused nourishment for sev-

eral days, it is not unlikely that the

lad, is growing thin.

You know whom we mean, of course?

Emma Lean Pankhurst.

G. S. K.

IT CAN'T BE DONE! By VIC



The Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 5.—BEN-HUR. By Gen. Lew Wallace.

AS the Roman Governor Gratus was riding through the streets of Jerusalem a young Jewish noble, Ben Hur, leaned from a roof parapet to watch him pass. A stone broke from the parapet under the youth's weight and struck Gratus on the head. Messala, a Roman officer, falsely accused Ben-Hur of trying to assassinate the governor. Without trial the Jew was condemned to toil for life as a galley slave. His sister and widowed mother were thrown into prison.

In a sea battle a few years later Ben-Hur saved the life of a rich Roman tribune, Arris, who, out of gratitude, freed the galley slave, took him to Rome and adopted him as his own son. Soon afterward Arris died, leaving Ben-Hur the heir to his great wealth.

For a long time the youth sought for the mother and sister who had been imprisoned when he himself had been sent to the galleys. He could find no trace of them. He found, however, his father's old steward, Simonides, who, with his gentle daughter, Esther, was living at Antioch. Esther at once fell in love with the handsome young Jew, but he at that time had eyes only for an Egyptian girl, Iris blyname, whom he had recently met at Antioch, and for whom he felt a strange infatuation.

At Antioch, too, Ben-Hur once more discovered his old foe and accuser, Messala, and upon him the Jew vowed vengeance. His opportunity was at hand. A great chariot race was to be run within the next few days. Messala, a famed charioter, was looked on in advance as the certain winner.

Ben-Hur sought out Sheld Iderim, a Bedouin, who was camped near the town, and he won the Sheld's permission to drive the latter's four matchless black Arab horses in the race. Then through an agent Ben-Hur induced Messala to wager his entire fortune on the outcome of the contest. It was to be a duel of a new and exciting sort between the lifelong foes.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

The race began. There were six competitors. Messala deliberately "fouled" one of these whose chances seemed good and laid him dying in the arena. As the race progressed one competitor after another was distanced until at last the victory lay between Messala and Ben-Hur. As the two raced, neck and neck, Messala leaned sideways and slashed his rival's four Arabian horses viciously with his long whip.

The desert-bred steeds had always been treated with loving tenderness. They had never known the cut of the lash. Under the cruel sting of Messala's whip they bolted, while the curses of the spectators at the Roman's unsportsmanlike trick filled the vast amphitheater.

The mighty strength that Ben-Hur had gained at the galley oar now stood him in good stead. He reined in the frantic black horses and brought them again under control. Little by little he gained upon Messala, urging on the fleet Arabs by his voice alone.

As he neared the goal Ben-Hur swerved his horses so that his chariot wheel struck that of Messala. The latter's chariot was overturned. Messala, under the hoofs of the horses, was battered into senselessness and was borne from the arena a helpless cripple. The duel was over. The race was won.

Vengeance complete, Ben-Hur made his way to Jerusalem, still in search of his mother and sister. He was safe from punishment on the old charge, for Gratus was no longer in Jerusalem, Pontius Pilate having succeeded him as governor there. At the Holy City Ben-Hur first saw Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah. And straightway he enrolled himself among the Saviors' followers, even raising a legion of soldiers. In the idea that Jesus was going to cast away the Roman yoke from Judea by force.

THE END OF A QUEST.

Two women—unclean, wretched lepers—came forth from a novel one day as the Master passed by, praying Christ to heal them. At His touch they were made well and whole. The women were the mother and sister of Ben Hur. Thus the wanderer's weary search ended, and he was united to his loved ones. After the Crucifixion Ben-Hur returned to Rome. He had seen the folly of his mad passion for Iris and he turned to the tender, truer love of Esther.

Little Tales of the Railroads

III.—A MIDNIGHT RACE DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

IT was no ghost train which chased the first section of the Fast Line East down a mountainside and Ben Alton, Pa., one midnight a quarter of a century ago.

Plenty of wind, rain and fog had let the Union Depot in Philadelphia half an hour late. It was mostly a train of baggage cars, but on the end were two day coaches. The sleepers were left for a second section. There had been a landslide near Altoona and three delayed coal trains had been hurried up the mountain after the delay. So the first section of the Fast Line found six helper engines waiting to follow down the slope when it should have passed the top.

You want to keep a move on," called out a helper engineer. "We're going to chase you all the way down the mountain." One of the helpers from the top of the hill had broken loose.

When the grade was passed and the express had clattered through the cut and out upon the level ground the wild machine was a hundred yards behind. In a moment more there was a crash, a thrill through the length of the Fast Line section, a pressure tremendous upon the vestibule platform. Then the peril was over.

The collision loosened the caught lever which had made the helper's engine the big freighter stopped, quanted heavily for a breathing space, then slid away into the yards.

Conquests of Constance

The Beau Brummel. By Alma Woodward

"THERE is sure some killjoy

Shade from the spirit world

sheddin' its Nile green in-

fluence over my rose-col-

ored aura." Constance began, dolefully.

"Once in a month uv Sundays some

relaxed lightwad opens up and slides

a bonus—an, by gee, it's always got

it's little string taggin' on behind!

Here's what I got today."

She displayed a small pin of art

nouveau design in different shades of

gold.

"It's very beautiful," I said, enthus-

lastically.

"Teh! But if you didn't see it come

out uv a box from the right gem mill

with yer own eyes yuh'd 'a said it was

junk, wouldn't yuh?"

"I'll buy it from you," I volunteered.

"No, yuh don't! I'm not askin' fer

charity. Can't yuh let me kick once in